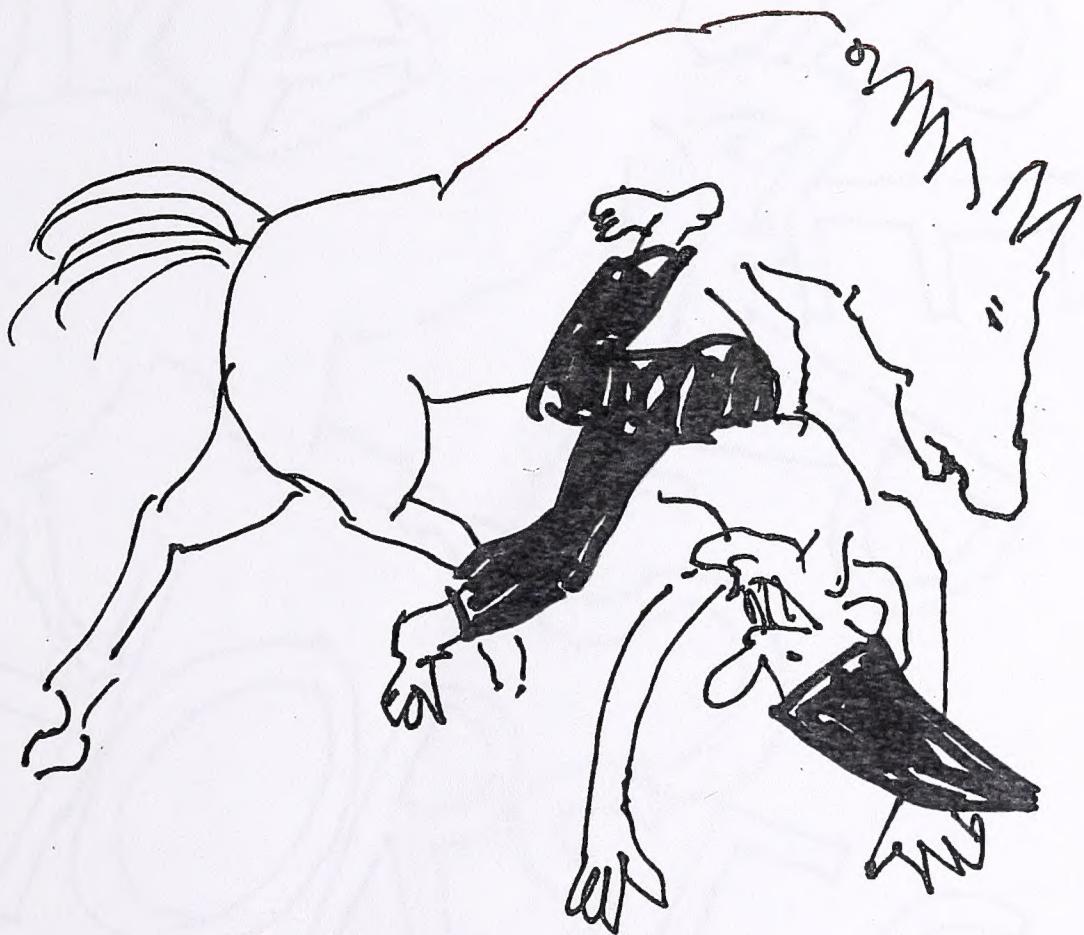
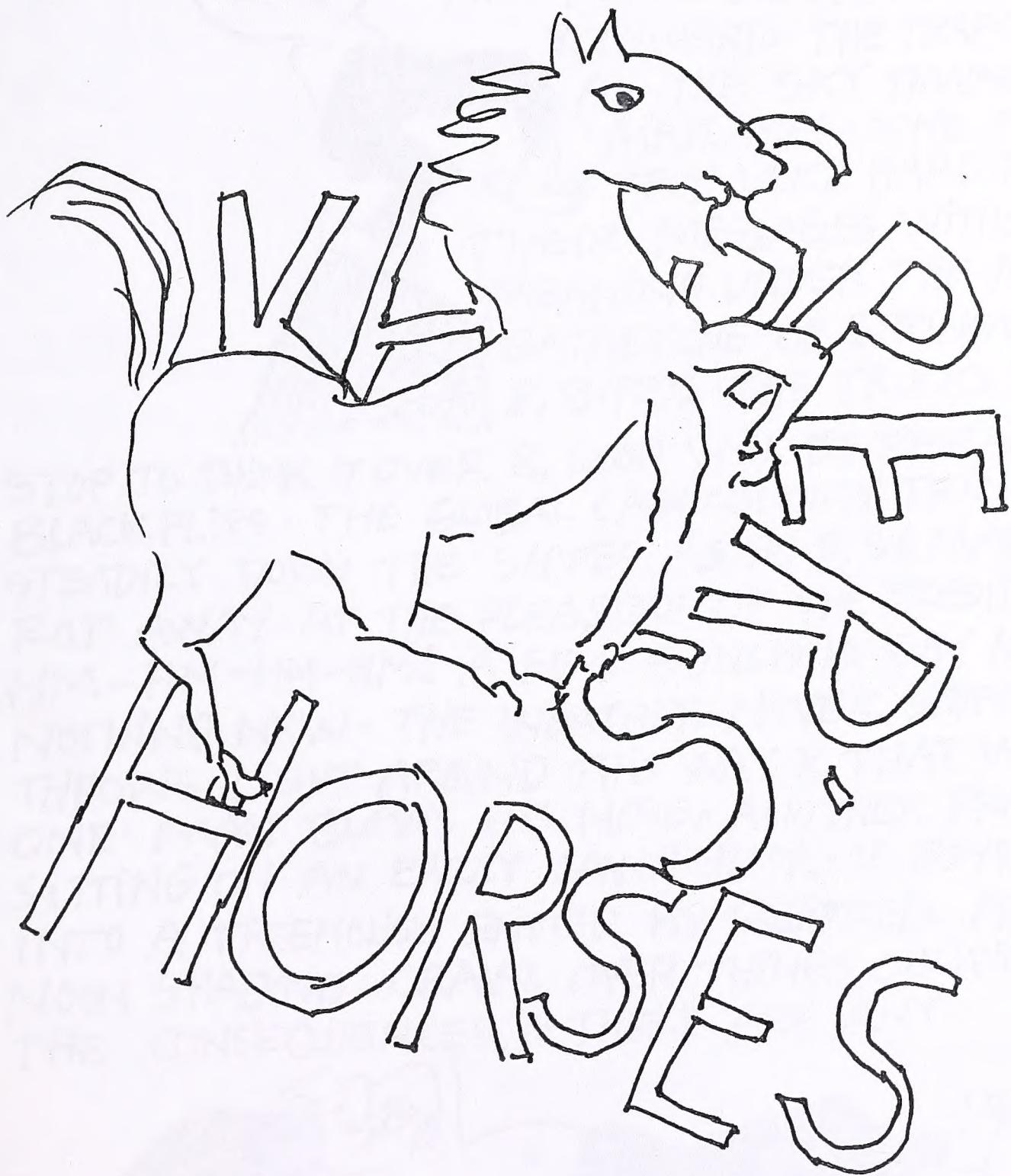


BREAD & PUPPET
Komix & tragix



KASPER 23





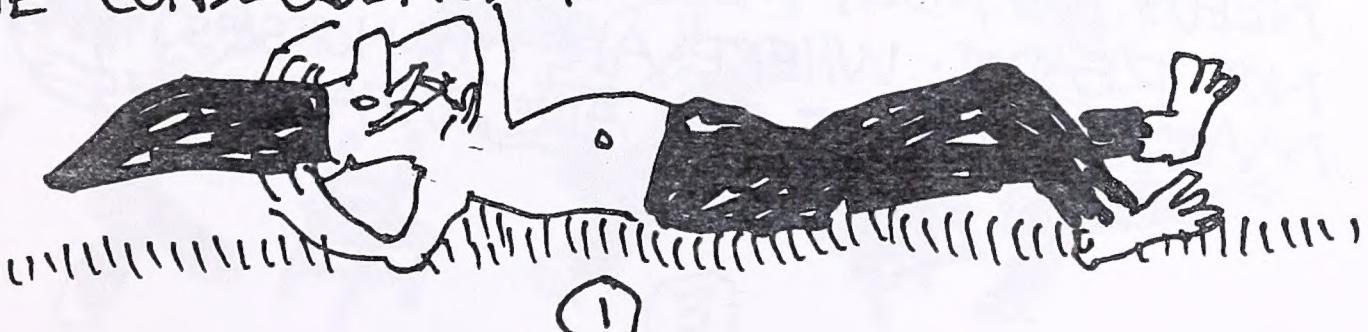
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OVERWHELMING AMOUNTS OF ARBITRARY LANDSCAPE, THE KIND THAT MIXES UPS & DOWNS EASILY & THWARTS THE TRAFFIC JUST AS THE SKY THWARTS ITS AIRPLANES. THE TRUCKS TRY VERY HARD TO ROAR THEIR MESSAGES WITHOUT MEANING UNDER THE NOISY GATHERING OF SPRINGWINDS & BIRDS. THE TRUCKS SELDOM

STOP TO THINK IT OVER & SOON WILL BE REPLACED BY BLACKFLIES. THE GLOBAL CARECONOMY TRICKLES STEADILY DOWN THE SLOPES AS SO & SO MANY ROT AWAY AT THE PLEASURE OF THE PRESIDENT. HM-HM-HM-HM! A FEW GUNSHOTS SAY HI- NOTHING NEW. THE WEATHER NEVER STOPS & THROWS LIGHT AROUND THIS WAY & THAT WAY. ONE MAN BLOWS HIS NOSE, ANOTHER PRACTISES SITTING ON AN EARLY LAWNCHAIR. 2 BOYS CLIMB INTO A TREEHOUSE ENVIED BY SQUIRRELS. AFTER-NOON SHADOWS CRAWL OVER THINGS, OBLIVIOUS TO THE CONSEQUENCES, IF THERE ARE ANY.



THE CAT'S MOUSING ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE.
QUITE A LISTENER SHE IS THOUGH. I'M NOT A
MOUSE, LUCKY ME, BUT NOT MUCH MORE EITHER.
THEY CALL IT A HIGHER FORM OF MOUSE, BUT THE
HIGH ISN'T VERY HIGH NOR DOES IT MAKE A
DIFFERENCE. WHATEVER LIFE I HAVE IS RELATED
TO BOTH CAT & MOUSE & ALSO TO THE TENSION
BETWEEN THE TWO.

IS IT WEDNESDAY? SOMEBODY ALWAYS
STEALS DAYS AROUND HERE OR IS IT
THE SAME ONE WHO STEALS YEARS?
THE SKY IS HERE. WHAT AM I GOING
TO DO WITH THIS MUCH SKY? HOW
CAN I STAND IT?



BUT A SOUP IS JUST A SOUP & THE SKY
NEEDS SO MUCH MORE. & THE HORSES ARE
NOT READY. WHERE ARE MY HORSES? MANY
MANY MILES OF SKY ARE AHEAD OF US

& I DEPLORE THE ABSENCE OF THE HORSES.



BUT I HAVE NOT STARTED EVEN ON THE ADEQUATE PREPARATIONS OF THE PLANNING FOR THE COMPETENT THINKING ABOUT THE SUBJECT MATTER OF MY HORSES! THOSE WHOM YOU BRIDLE IN GREAT URGENCY



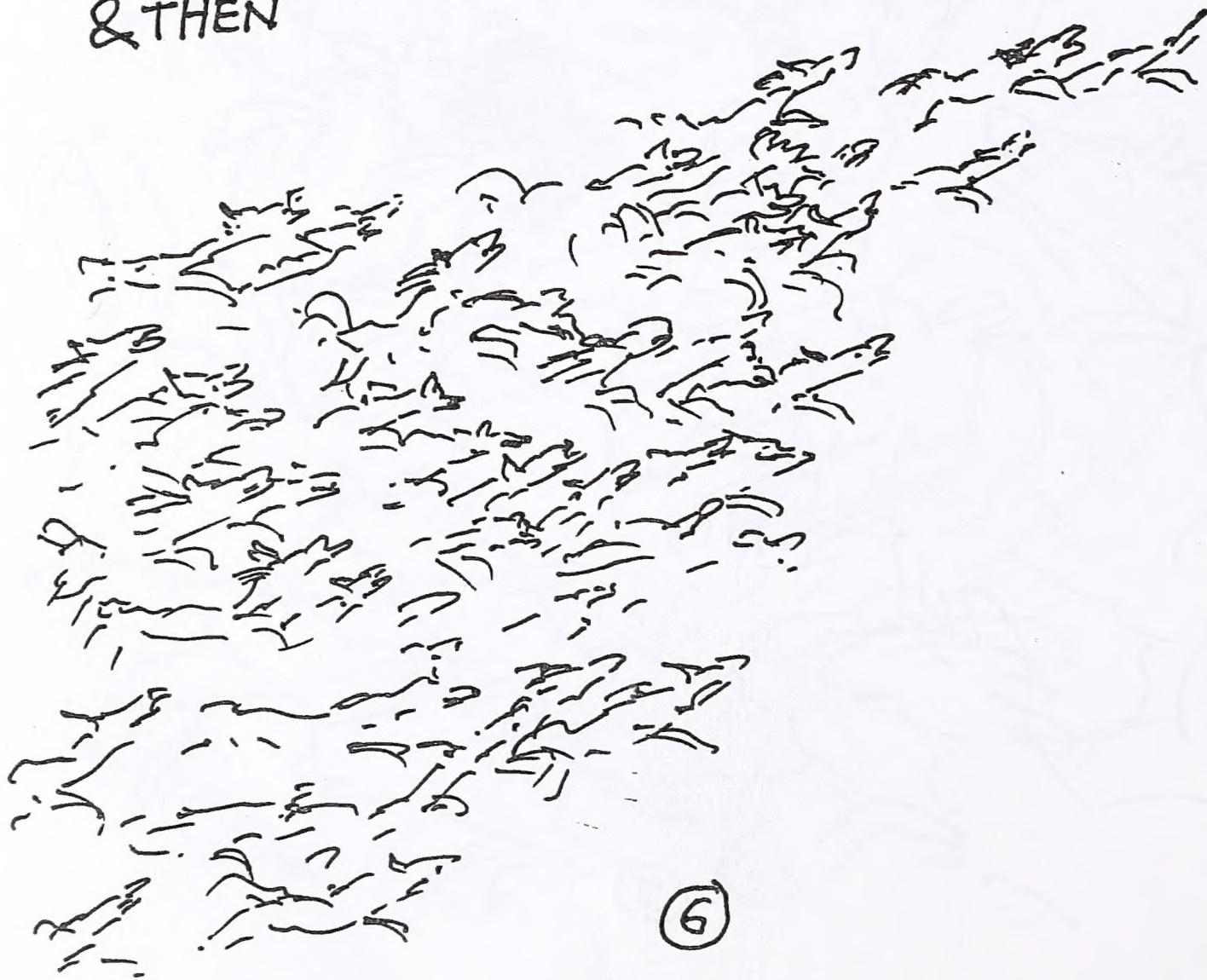
& DRIVE THEM THROUGH THE VAST GOVERNMENTAL VOID AS IF IT WASN'T THERE & RACE THEM OVER THE HEADS OF CITIES AS IF THEY WEREN'T THERE & NEVER STOP THEM, AS THEY LAY WASTE TO THE PITYFUL LAND & BURN IT WITH THEIR HOOVES.



THE VALLEY-BUSINESSMAKERS OF THE VALLEYS
& THE MOUNTAINTOP REMOVERS OF THE MOUNTAINS
& THE NON-POSSIBILITARIANS IN THE INDUSTRIAL
PARADISES CRUMBLE & THE VILLAGES TURN RED
& SPARKLE WITH FIREWORKS AS THE HORSES
GALLOP THROUGH THEIR DOORS & THE WINDOWS
OPEN WITH HUGE BIRDS JOINING A SQUADRON
OF BLACKBIRDS IN THE BLACK CLOUDS OF THE
THUNDERSTORM SKY.



& MANY BRASSBANDS WITH WILD TROMBONISTS
STAGGER OVER THE EARLY FIELDS & THE FIELDS
THOUGH NOT GREEN YET, ARE JOLLIER THAN YOU
HAVE EVER SEEN THEM & THERE IS NOBODY
LEFT ANYWHERE, BECAUSE THEY ARE ALL RUNNING
RUNNING & RUNNING WITH THE HORSES & THEY
ARE NOT WILLING TO STOP BECAUSE NOTHING
STOPS & EVEN THE NOTHING THAT STOPS DOESN'T
STOP & THE RUNNING RUNS & THE ENDLESS RUNNING
RUNS ENDLESSLY & FALLS & GETS UP & THEN IT
YELLS LIKE A SINGLE KID & LIKE A DOZEN KIDS
& THEN



TAKES A FEW LEAPS & THEN DROWNS & RUNS IN
THE RUNNING.

& ALL THE MANY YEARS OF STUDIED STORMS ARE NOW
STORMS THEMSELVES & THEY CAN'T NOT BE STORMS
ANY LONGER & THIS IS THE TIME WHEN THE STORMS
TAKE OVER ALL THAT WAS NOT A STORM.

BLUE SAILBOATS APPEAR IN THE MEADOWS. STORM
SINGERS SING NOTHING BUT STORM. SERIOUS
CONGREGATIONS SWIRL IN UNISON. HERDS OF WHITE
DEER PROCEED FROM THE PINEFORESTS. MARCHES
MARCH BRIGHT LIKE SUNLIGHT. THE FALLERS
FALL & GET UP, THE STUMBLERS STUMBLE ON, THE
CRAWLERS CRAWL & THE LAME INCH THEIR WAY
FORWARD AT INCREDIBLE SPEED. THE RIVERS
FLOW LIKE THE MASSES OF MOVERS, NOTHING
STOPS THEM, NOTHING WANTS TO, THE THINGS
ARE NOT STILL ANY LONGER, THE MOVERS MOVE
ALL THAT MOVES.



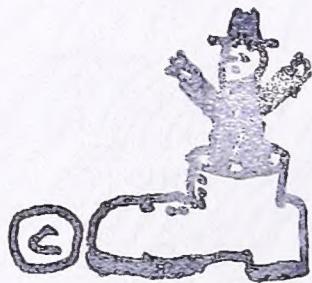








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